

THE

Any Poetry vol 74.

COMPLAINT OF KING JOHN;

K

AND THE

BRITON'S PRAYER,

DURING THE PRESENCE OF

His Majesty GEORGE the THIRD,

IN THE

CATHEDRAL OF WORCESTER,

AUGUST 6th, 1788.

KIDDERMINSTER: PRINTED BY G. GOWER.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following POEMS were prepared (but too late) for the Purpose of Musical Exhibition. The Sentiment which suggested them (however imperfectly they express it) is so universal, that the Author was easily persuaded to meet the Advice of some respectable Friends in their Publication.

KIDDERMINSTER,

AUGUST 5th, 1788.



THE
C O M P L A I N T
O F
K I N G J O H N.

WHEREFORE (rushing from his tomb,

JOHN exclaims) ah! wherefore here,

Best-beloved of Britain, come,

Dost thou at my cost appear?

Silence, each melodious string,

Silence, each triumphant lay,—

Britons, I was once your King!

Yes—your Fathers felt my sway.

Here I still frequent my tomb,

Till my last appointment dire :

Do

Do not, GEORGE, augment my doom,

Me to madness do not fire.

No, not when at dead of night,

ARTHUR flits along yon iles,

Points at me his dagger bright,

Points at me his scornful smiles,

Proves his bliss, and my confusion,—

Less is wrung my guilty breast,

And I feel a less intrusion

On my monumental rest,

Than when I behold THEE here ;

Thee in patriarch-pomp behold,—

Guarded by thy children dear,

In thy people's duty bold.

Ah ! those shouts ! they wound my ears ;

Eyes that flash with loyal love,

Rive me with redoubled fears,

With remorseful horrors move.

Swift occasion fled—no more

I my regal proof renew;

But with rapture, GEORGE, explore

Virtue, life, and pow'r in view.

Let them not my spirit wound,

Chaunting how thy dawning reign

Fix'd the Law on Freedom's ground,

Deeming all men's good thy gain.

Forc'd from me, the Magna Charta

Spoke the spirit of my Peers,—

“ This the bulwark of our Sparta,

“ Dares (they cried) the flock of years.”

But to me, true empire seem'd,

Lion-like my slaves to kill;

GEORGE

GEORGE his grandeur greatest deem'd,

When it met the public will.

This his rule determin'd,—He

Said (despising savage power)

“ Guardian Law, from hence be free,

“ Britain's everlasting dower.”

Here the loyal thousands crowd,

Nor can pass my tomb aside,

But with curses keen and loud,

On the tyrant's ruthless pride.

“ God be prais'd, the Briton's cry,

“ That the times of JOHN are past;

“ Freedom here shall never die,

“ While the Brunswick Race shall last.

“ Each beneath his own dear vine,

“ Here shall quaff, and laugh, and sing;

“ Here

“ Here beneath the Brunswick Line,

“ Triumph in a Parent-King.

“ Long, O Heav'n! let GEORGE preside

“ Monarch of this favour'd land;

“ With his bright example guide,

“ Bless us with his mild command.

“ Well he knows our hearts his own,

“ We our value in his heart,

“ His the public Father's throne,

“ Our's the grateful Children's part.”

Censur'd by another's praise,

Punish'd by another's worth,

Deep, from Glory's brightest blaze,

Sunk the tyrant into earth.

THE

T H E
B R I T O N ' s P R A Y E R,
D U R I N G T H E P R E S E N C E O F
H i s M a j e s t y G E O R G E t h e T H I R D ,
I N T H E
C A T H E D R A L o f W O R C E S T E R ,
A U G U S T 6 t h , 1 7 8 8 .

G O D of our Fathers! can we here
Thy blessings in our King revere,
Nor when we glance the reprobating eye
Upon that monumental stone
That holds the dust of ruthless JOHN,—
Not for our suffering Fathers fight?
Their tyrant (such his nature dire)
Felt in his heart a savage fire,

As if the world was made for him alone.

Already half a Parricide,

He spread the stream of blood more wide,

But with a Nephew's murder—shook his throne ;

Then fell the King indeed ! the grave

Of shame receiv'd, O Guilt ! thy slave :

Then all his honours fell, and thou, O God,

Didst all around him shake the terrors of thy rod.

God of our Fathers ! let us now,

With due humiliation, bow ;

Oh ! let us, whilst we shudder at those times,

(Their faith corrupt, their pastime war,

Their arts a taper, not a star)

To shun their woes—renounce their crimes ;

Nor let one stain of that dark age

Mark us again, and urge thy rage.

The

[10]
The star of Science, bright in GEORGE's day,

Yields us a light, the path to see

Of Truth, - and mild Philanthropy;

And He who guards it, leads Himself the way.

O God of Gods! and King of Kings!

O'er us expand thy fost'ring wings;

Long may the public Father live, and shine

In Duty's loyal eye, the pledge of Peace divine.—

God of our Fathers! need we trace

The mis'ries of a former race,

To learn true conduct from recorded woes?

But now our errors, and our crimes,

Drew down thy judgments on the times.

Black o'er our heads a tempest rose,

Soon all the heav'ns were in a flame,

Pointing to blast our peace and fame:

But,

But, Oh! thy mercy turn'd the storm aside,
Deign'd to becalm the raging seas,
Deign'd to diffuse the swelling breeze,
And to the port of Peace our vessel guide.—
Our Pilot fav'd thro' such a wat'ry war,
Sits at the helm, and points to Hope's bright star;
And, God his guide, he bids us boldly go,
Whatever rocks oppose, whatever tempests blow.

F I N I S.



